NEW YORK CLIPPER

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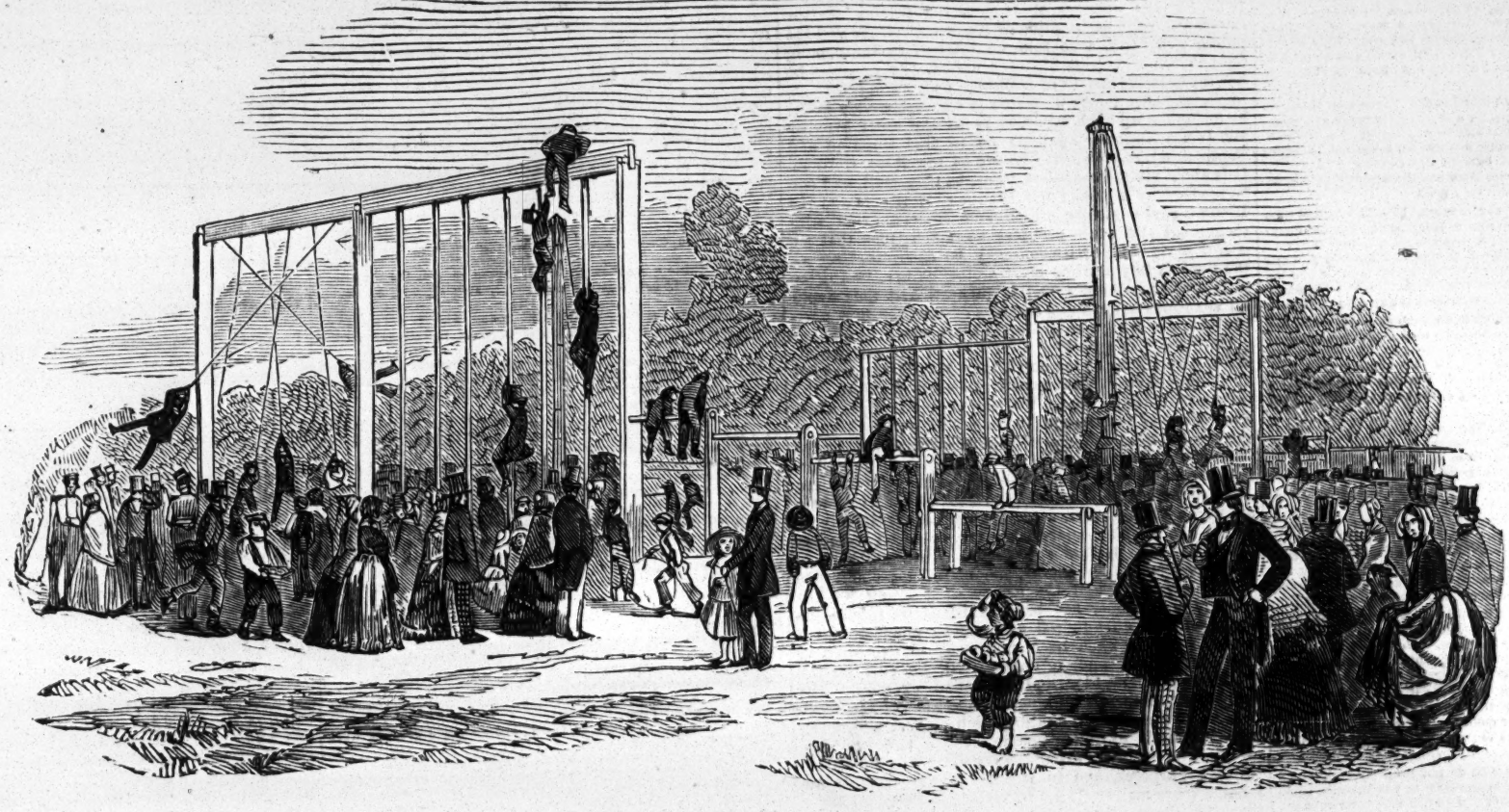

PUBLIC GYMNASIUMS.

Now that individual enterprise has done so much towards popularizing out-door sports and athletic exercises, is it not time that the public authorities should do something towards creating a still greater interest in matters of this kind, in which the physical structure of mankind is so deeply involved? Why not construct public gymnasiums, where those who are unable to pay for private instruction can have the use of, and enjoy the same, without price. Our engraving represents one of these public institutions in London. The apparatus is inclosed, and a keeper is in attendance to preserve order. The regulations to be observed by the public are inscribed upon a large board within the ground. Among these, no person is allowed to occupy any one part of the apparatus exclusively longer than fifteen minutes; any person wilfully damaging the apparatus will be prosecuted; use of gross or abusive language is to be punished by exclusion from the gymnasium during that day; and the public are requested, by another regulation, to assist the keeper, if required, in maintaining order. We hope soon to see a move made here, by which the public gymnasium may become one of the fixtures of the Western World.

FATAL INDIAN FIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY SYD. SHAFFER.

THE scenes I am about to describe happened in the county of Vanwert, Ohio. Clear through the county runs a beautiful sandy ridge from east to west. This ridge is higher and more dry than the rest of the county, and for this reason the land is now more valuable than in other portions. It is called Sugar Ridge, from the pleasant sugar maple groves that court the gentle breezes, and refresh the weary traveler with a sumptuous shade. This ridge is several miles wide in some places, and the roads are never very bad. The northern and western part of this county is still wild and swampy, with large forests. Through these forests still roam the deer, bear, wolf, and wild cat. It was on this lonely ridge, about six miles from the pleasant town of Vanwert, which county seat is situated in the centre of the county, that one of the most terrific hand-to-hand struggles ever was fought. This fatal combat occurred in the year 1837, and many of our citizens have a vivid recollection of the bloody transaction. Quite a number of duels have been fought by Indians in this county. Among the number, besides the one above referred to, was a contest between Bearskin and Cherokee. This fight only lasted a few minutes. A spectator of the scene informs us that the strokes of the knife and tomahawk were so rapid that it was impossible to follow the blows with the eye. Many blows were warded off with the dexterity of a boxer. Sparring, parrying off, and preventing the effects of the blows, was a science among the Indians, carried to a great degree of perfection. In this fight Cherokee was knocked out of time, and after being backed up badly, cried "*a go*," and the fight ended. Cherokee laid around with his sores for a long time, while Bearskin received only one severe gash on his arm.

On this delightful ridge, where we now *spark* the lovely palefaced maiden, a fine young chief wooed and won the heart of the beautiful, dark eyed Indian belle of Sugar Ridge. Their honeyed interviews of passioned ecstacy and pure love, we will not attempt to delineate or narrate; but, as other lovers, they enjoyed a good time generally, and rambled through flowery groves, and made happy visits, and passed through pleasant scenes. But it is said "the course of true love never runs smooth." An evil day came upon them. Another young chief, of the highest Indian personal attractions and fascinations, fell into her society. Her charming, lovely countenance, elastic step, fine form, bewitching enticements, amiable demeanor, intelligence, and pleasing conversation, caused him to admire and then love her. He offered her his hand. She told him that it was impossible for her to accept him, as her heart and hand was given to another. His lofty pride was mortified. In sulky gloominess he was seen wandering about. He soon began to hate his rival—then vengeance filled his bosom. They met, rage and jealousy made them enemies, and then revenge—sweet revenge. The disappointed lover challenged the other to struggle in deadly combat, and the victor take the beauty. Bravery, and a sense of Indian honor, caused the other to immediately accept the challenge.

Three weeks previous to battle, the time and place were appointed, and the preliminaries of the fight arranged, and both men went into active training. A part of the conditions were, that they should fight with knives and tomahawks, and that they should fight until one or the other should fall in death. The two heroes of our narrative were noble young chiefs. They were models of physical perfection. They were near one size, and about the same bodily proportions and strength. Standing near six feet—well-moulded limbs, lined with corded sinews, and muscles of a texture that would vie with the muscle of the disciples of the prize ring. Broad shoulders, fine chest, narrow loins, and every other development of muscle that could contribute to beauty, strength, activity and endurance. Thus they stood at the head of their tribes—in valor unequalled—in achievements the first of the most daring—laden with trophies of savage honor, and the heroes of the Indian prize ring, they appeared the personification of courage, nerve, science, strength, activity, muscle and endurance. As they met, the fire of their eagle eyes flashed as they glared at each other. At the appointed time, a large number of Indians assembled to witness the contest, and see an open field and a fair fight. Also a few white men were spectators of the scene.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The two combatants came together like lions, with a terrible shock and most terrific blows. Both blows were parried off with astonishing skill.

2 Terrific fighting. Blow after blow with tomahawk and knife. Now cutting a gash upon the face—now upon the arm—now upon the breast—now catching blows—now parrying off with the tomahawk or knife, as it was convenient, and sometimes when these failed, they caught a blow upon the arm, to shield a more fatal spot at which was aimed the weapon. Thus they fought with the desperation and fury of tigers, and at the same time the skill of the boxer, for near half an hour, with round succeeding round with the rapidity of lightning. They were covered with wounds and dripping with blood. Their faces, breasts, shoulders and arms all cut up with many gashes—with wounds slight and deep, all blended together—a most bloody spectacle.

Last. After some hard fighting and many thrusts, wounds, and sparring, both saw the *mark* exposed in the other, and with a stroke like a flash of lightning, they sped the dripping knife, which, borne by each with all their combined strength, went home to the heart of each, just glazing a well meant parry of the arm. With the convulsions of strong men they muttered an oath at each other, and both fell dead together upon a well fought field.

They were taken up, and after due preparations, with all the honors of Indian custom, matted and going from the death struggle, they were buried upon the spot where they fell. Their graves are to be seen to this day on one of the most pleasant places on Sugar Ridge, near the public highway leading from Vanwert to Delphos. The traveller and passer-by points to their resting-place, and narrates the glories of these two Indian braves. Here slumbers the pride of a doting mother, and the blasted hopes of a stricken father. The fair boy grew up a noble youth. Like a well-cultivated tree, seeking a deep base, and bearing a high and flourishing head, as he was beginning to bloom with the glories and virtues of manhood. Like the lofty pine that was beginning to rise in its grandeur, and overlooking the surrounding trees, becoming the glory of the forest, when, alas! a fiery bolt, let loose from the floating batteries of the clouds, lays its symmetrical form and branches in ashes. But does he perish alone? Ah! the hopes, joys, and prospects of the mother who dandled him upon her knees—of the father that looked upon him with a bosom swelling with pride, and the fair maiden that gazed upon him with eyes of love, were crushed together with his bleeding heart and lacerated body, that has long since turned to dust, and over whose head now smiles the green sod, regardless of the hero whose breast it covers. What a heart-piercing spectacle, to behold this solemn group with their friends, as in the agony of despair they clothe that hero form with the clod—shroud-mantle of death. You behold the heart-rending convulsions of grief, as they gaze upon that face for the last time. At the base of the mound he sleeps his last sleep, while the gentle zephyrs wave the blooming flowers and nodding grass, softly and silently casting their fragrance over this mighty chamber of death. Here now is pillowed the poor Indian! The battle-ground was near the cherished graves of their fathers, whose spirits were gathered to view the contest. Behold the beautiful mound that rises like a temple—the massive heap of mouldering clay, where sleeps the mighty warrior, the fair squaw, the beautiful maiden, the mighty chieftain, and friend and rival, in one everlasting bed.

The fair maiden returned to her wigwam to die of a broken heart. No noble, youthful chief, returned from the bold feats of war to wrap his love in strong, but tender arms of affection. No love-beaming countenance, returned from the successful pleasures of the chase, laden with wild game to be dressed by her finely moulded hands, while her smiling, charming face painted the glorious love of an Indian maiden heart, in all the purity of nature. No majestic and symmetrical form to rest when weary upon the furs spread out upon the floor of the cabin by gentle hands, and lulled to sweet repose by the bird-like carrolling songs of the gentle voice of the queen-like lily of Sugar Ridge.

The grief of the Indian maid is inconsolable. Her friends try to cheer her up, to make her happy; but, alas! she spends her time weeping upon his grave. She talks of his nobleness—of his love—of his greatness—of his melancholy death. Many Indian braves aspire for her lovely hand, but their attractions fall at her feet unnoticed. She has her heart entombed in the cold grave. She dreams of meeting him in the spirit-land, where they can forever roam over celestial plains, groves and splendors, and repose in the lofty wigwam of the Great Spirit, and drink from the gushing fountains of Elysian's rosy mountains, and luxuriate on venison brought from the hunting-ground of the Indian's Heaven. She is seen, like a ghost, at midnight, weeping upon the hero's grave. A few more fleeting months and the fair Indian girl dies of grief, and her friends think she is now happy with her Indian lover in Heaven. Peace to their ashes!

The graves of our chieftains are still held sacred by the Indians. They have warned the pale face, who owns the farm upon which these relics are to be found, never to plow over them or disturb their remains, for if he does, death, they threaten, will be his portion. They are still undisturbed by the plow or the white man's rude hands. And occassonally at the present day, some lone Indian takes his turn, and is seen a lonely wanderer, from his distant home, paying homage to the illustrious dead. For many years their blood red emblems of the tomb, stained by some roots known to the Indians, were remaining posted above their graves—a fit ensign of carnage.

These are the relics of a once bold and powerful nation. This race of beings is fast passing away. A few more years and the poor Indian will live only in history and song. How the scene has changed! Once, where we now live and enjoy the blessing of civilization, was an immense forest, where roamed the fearless Indian. Here with active limbs he pursued the leaping deer—here he paddled his little canoe along the banks of the St. Marys, and bathed his noble form in its dark water—here the blazing fire gleamed upon the scalping knives and the dark eyes of the chief and warrior—here the eloquence of the child of nature was heard—here the tawny sons and daughters of the forest gathered around the fireside of the wigwam and offered up their prayer to the Great Spirit—here was the theatre of their national dances, their war dances, love dances, their fierce warwhoop, their bloody fights, and their death songs—here they smoked their pipe of peace, and here the young Indian lover wooed and won his dark maid in the smiling sunshine of a summer's morn, or beneath the refreshing shade of some wild romantic grove, or around the wigwam blaze, or "*by moonlight alone.*"

Vanwert, O., July 20, 1858.

WRESTLING FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—HAWKSWORTH AND LONGMIRE.—The match between these men, for £100 and the championship, came to a satisfactory termination last week, in a field adjoining the railway station at Kendal, in presence of an immense concourse of spectators.—Round 1. After a long struggle, Hawksworth having got the better grip, and being much the stronger man, threw his opponent by a "hipe."—Round 2. Hawksworth again trying the hipe, but was completely foiled, and was eventually thrown.—Round 3. Longmire topped him over easily by a cross buttock.—Round 4 and last.—Longmire, after a severe struggle, grassed his man cleverly by a swinging hipe, and thus maintains his position as Champion of England. The betting was 5 to 3 on Longmire. *Bell's Life, July* 18.

HEAVY WEIGHT BABIES.—In reply to the Poughkeepsie challenge in our last, we have received the following in reply, with the maternal parent's name appended:

ROSENDUT, August 6th, 1858.

MR. QUINN: I noticed in the CLIPPER the bet which appeared under the head of "heavy weight babies."

I will accept the bet. The person challenging, whose name you did not give, stated that as soon as the bet was accepted, a forfeit of ten dollars would be posted. Allow me to suggest that the money be put up in the hands of the editor of the NEW YORK CLIPPER. As soon as the other party forwards the forfeit, a like sum will immediately follow it.

JANE M——.

LATER SPORTS ABROAD.

From Bell's Life, July 18.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

Aug. 3.—Hartley and Norton—£25 a side, London.
10.—Bos Tyler and Sodger Crutchley—£50 a side, London.
10.—Nolan and Healey—£15 a side, London.
17.—Lynch and Sullivan—£30 to £25, London.
24.—Clarke and King—£50 a side, Liverpool.
Sept. 21.—Brettle and Brown's Novice—£100 a side, London.

THE LATE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—The battle money for this great event is to be handed to Tom Sayers on Tuesday evening next, on the stage of the Royal Victoria Theatre, when the champion's belt will also be again presented to him, and his friends intend giving him Tom Cribb's silver cup and champion's belt. Tom Paddock will be present, and Sam Collins has kindly consented to appear for this ocasion only.

LYNCH AND SULLIVAN.—Another deposit of £3 to £2 10s was made on Wednesday, at Mr. Meyer's, Black Horse, Middlesex-street.

MIKE MADDEN, in answer to the kind Bob Travers's challenge, wishes to inform him that Mike's happiness has never as yet been marred, and trusts that Bob will be prepared and well on the day they meet to settle their grievances. Mike intends, as stated in *Bell*, to have one turn more in the P. R, but having been very busy this week, he could not attend, but next week Bob may depend on hearing from him.

PEDESTRIANISM.

EXTRAORDINARY FOOT RACE.

ONE MILE IN FOUR MINUTES AND TWENTY-THREE SECONDS. QUICKEST TIME ON RECORD.

A great one mile foot race between Thomas Hosspool and Job Smith took place at the Copenhagen Grounds, near Manchester, on the 12th of July. The following report is taken from *Bell's Life in London:*

The weather to-day was fine, and at an early hour this afternoon, large numbers of persons began to wend their way to these grounds, and scores of vehicles of every description, densely packed omnibuses, and heavily laden carts, deposited their living freight at the entrance, long before the time fixed for the event we are about to describe. The city of Manchester, of course, furnished the large majority of the company, but we observed many present from Sheffield, Oldham, Ashton, Bolton, Rockdale, and several other adjacent towns and villages, and all appeared deeply interested in the match. The horse-racing portion of the community was also well represented, many members of the subscription rooms being present, and some heavy investments were made on the result. The number of visitors on the ground was upwards of 2,000. In proceeding to notice the event which they had assembled to witness, we may state that probably no man is better known on the pedestrian course than Tom Hosspool of Bassford, his career having been a lengthy, and a brilliant one withal; and Job Smith of Manchester, though he has not adopted the profession for so long a period, has, nevertheless, a reputation, gained not only in the provinces, but also in the neighborhood of the metropolis. When, therefore, two men like these, who have so signally distinguished themselves in the pedestrian arena, are pitted against each other to decide which is the superior, no wonder that large numbers of persons, or even communities, should be on the *qui vive* as to the issue. In order, therefore, to test which was the most fleet of foot, and at the same time possessed of the greatest amount of enduring qualities, this match was agreed upon, it being for £50 a side, distance one mile; and, in order to bring the men to a supposed equality, Hosspool's party consented to give Smith 10 yards start. The race proved the most extraordinary one which the history of pedestrianism can furnish—so far as speed is concerned—we are induced to give a somewhat lengthened sketch of some of the performances of the men, believing it will not be unacceptable to many of our readers, and also set at rest numerous inquiries respecting this unparalleled contest. Job Smith is a resident of Manchester, and attained his 26th year in March last; he stands 5 feet 8 inches, and this afternoon he weighed, in racing costume, 9st 7lb. His first contest was some three years and a half ago, at Bellevue, Manchester, when he easily defeated Jonathan Lomax, of Openshaw, in a race of two miles, for £10 a side, Smith having sixty yards start; he next ran J. Trainor, of Liverpool, the same distance, for £15 a side, at Bellevue, on which occasion Trainor beat him by 10 yards; on the 2d of January, 1857, he won a handicap of 10 miles at the same place, in which he easily defeated Trainor, of Liverpool, Barlow, of Gorton, Jackson, of London, and five others, the first prize being £17. Smith having 750 yards start. He then engaged himself in several handicaps at Sheffield, and carried off there the greatest half-mile handicap ever run for, by which he placed £70 to his credit. On the 7th of November last he ran two miles, for £50 a side, against J. Sanderson (alias Treacle), of Whitworth, near Rochdale, at the Copenhagen Grounds, Manchester, when Sanderson easily defeated him. On the 11th of January he contested the distance of six miles, for £30 a side, against Cummings of London, at Garrat-lane, Wandsworth, on which occasion he again sustained defeat. He met Cummings, subsequently, however, upon the same course, in a race of two miles, for £25 a side, and at that distance Smith beat him with ease. He then won the first prize of £60, Mile Sweepstakes, at Sheffield. On the 27th of March, at the Copenhagen Grounds, Manchester, he was again engaged against Sanderson, of Whitworth, in a race of one mile, for £50 a side, when Smith beat him by 18 yards, the time being 4min. 35sec.; and his next and last race was with Hosspool, this afternoon, Smith being defeated by 10 yards. Thomas Hosspool, of Basford, is Smith's senior in years, stands about 5ft. 7in. and his weight this afternoon was 7st. 13lb. (being thus 1st. 13lb. lighter than Smith). One of his earliest efforts was his defeat of W. Watson, of Notts, in a race of 200 yards, for £5 a side; and he next beat W. Gore, of Notts, 440 yards, for £5 each; L. Lee, of Arnall, 440 yards, for £5 a side; and Thos. Lee, of the same place, 440 yards, for £10 each. He then ran a dead heat in a race of 200 yards, for £20 a side, with Sulley, of Arnall; and he also beat the following men in succession: Lenthall, of Sheffield, one lap round Hyde Park, Sheffield, for £25 a side; G. Darley, of Sheffield, a similar distance, at the same place, for £25 each; Jerry Smith, of London, 440 yards, for £25 a side, at London; W. Walker, of Worksop, 440 yards, for £25 each, at Hyde Park, Sheffield; J. Fiddler, of Sheffield, four laps round Hyde Park, Sheffield, for £50 a side; Joseph Horrocks, of Halifax, half a mile, for £25 a side, at Halifax; and John Sydall, of Radcliffe, one mile, for £50 each, and the Champion's Belt, at Hyde Park, Sheffield. Hosspool was then defeated by H. A. Reed, of London, in a contest of one mile, for £50 a side, and the Champion's Belt, at Halifax. He next met and beat Syddel a second time, for £50 each and the belt, one mile, at Hyde Park, Sheffield; and also H. A. Reed, half a mile, for £50 a side, at London. He was then defeated by John Seville, of Oldham, in a race of one lap round Hyde Park, Sheffield, for £50 a side, Seville having 10 yards start. He next once more beat Fiddler in a race of one mile, for £25 a side, at Sheffield, Fiddler receiving 20 yards start; and he subsequently defeated Seville, of Oldham, at London, in a contest of one mile, for £25 a side and the belt. He was afterwards beaten by Horrocks, of Halifax, 440 yards, for £25 a side; and also by Walker, of Worksop, two laps round Hyde Park, Sheffield, for £50 a side, Walker having 12 yards start. In every contest since this, in which Hosspool has engaged himself, he has proved victorious, and we subjoin a list of them: He beat Seville a second time, on the 28th of September last, in the fastest mile race then on record (4min. 28sec.) at the Copenhagen Grounds, Manchester; H. Margetts, of London, 200 yards, for £5 a side, at London; Butler, of Retford, 100 yards, for £5 a side, at Retford; Wheat, of Notts, 120 yards, for £10 each, Wheat having three yards start; and his final contest was this afternoon, when he defeated Job Smith by 10 yards, in the race we now proceed to describe.

The race took place on the Copenhagen Grounds, near Manchester, on the 12th of July. The attendance was exceedingly numerous, and the betting opened at evens, though Hosspool was most fancied; but shortly afterwards 6 to 4 was laid on him, and these were the current odds at start. At about half-past five o'clock Hosspool entered the course, accompanied by his backer and trainer, and was soon followed by Smith, who was also attended by his principal supporter, and two or three friends. The appearance of the pedestrians was eagerly scanned by those present, and each seemed in first-rate condition. For the last five weeks Smith was under the care of the noted Johnny Farmer, on the banks of the Ribble, at Lytham; and Hosspool had been trained by the no less celebrated Leggy Greaves of Sheffield, at, we understood, Stanningley, near Leeds. The pedestrians having toed their respective marks, and Mr. Holden taken his position as referee, a false attempt was made, and it was then arranged that they should start by report of a pistol. On its being fired, at a quarter to six o'clock, they bounded off, each keeping the same distance apart, (10 yards,) which Smith had given; but at the end of the first lap, (there being three in a mile,) Hosspool had gained a couple of yards on his opponent. No change occurred in their positions during the next round, but from the apparent ease with which Hosspool was going, 2 to 1 was then offered on him.

On running along the bottom end of the course Smith gave a spurt, and went at least a dozen yards ahead; but Hosspool then also put on the steam, and on proceeding up the back stretch began rapidly to gain upon Smith, and just prior to reaching the final turn he was only two yards in his rear. On entering the straight run Hosspool breasted Smith, and the latter then made an excellent effort, but Hosspool passed him before reaching the stand. He then kept in advance, gaining almost every stride, and was declared the winner by 10 yards, Smith from sheer exhaustion falling into the arms of one of his friends just prior to reaching the mark. Hosspool won amid the most enthusiastic plaudits of the crowd.

This proved the fastest mile race that was ever decided, Hosspool having traversed the distance in the almost incredible short space of *four minutes and twenty-three seconds!* We cannot close our report without expressing our unqualified admiration of the thorough gameness of Job Smith, who used every effort, and exercised the most indomitable perseverance to win, and though he was carried from the course a vanquished, he was anything but a disgraced man. Smith should, and we have no doubt will, feel that in contesting the above distance so closely, and in such an unparalleled brief space of time, there is great honor in defeat, of which fact all his backers were convinced, and many expressed their high approbation of his determined efforts.

GREAT CRICKET MATCH IN ENGLAND.

NORTH VS. SOUTH.—This match, which has been looked forward to with so much interest in England, is described by the *Field* of the 17th ult., as follows:

Monday, July 12, was a very attractive day at Lord's; no match since the meeting of the two great Elevens has had as strong a hold on the frequenters at head quarters. Tame, lame, and impotent had been the conclusions of so many that one of the old sort was looked for with expectancy, and as the weather was in every respect desirable, the ground was attended by the largest concourse since the match just alluded to. Two excellent wickets were pitched by Martingell and Chatterton, and the play was set in motion and continued in the manner following:

The South made first essay at the wicket by sending in Messrs. Lane and Nicholson. On the outside Jackson took the ball at one end, and Mr. Payne at the other; the bowling was vigorously defended by Mr. Lane, but, over-anxious to score fast, he misjudged a run, and lost his wicket for five. So unlooked for an event threw a damper on the backers of the South, for this gentleman was calculated on for heavy figuring. Mr. Haygarth followed, and played the rapid balls of Jackson with great coolness and self-possession. Mr. Nicholson, a reputed stiff wicket, kept the assailant at a respectful distance for nearly an hour, when he made a hit forward, and Mr. Payne (a sure catch) secured the ball ere it had time to come in contact with earth. Two wickets earned 31. Caffyn was deputed to follow, but, after a contribution of five, played the ball mid on, and Mr. Payne was again in attendance on it. Lillywhite appeared next, made nine, and lost his wicket in precisely the same manner and form as did Mr. Nicholson. Four wickets overtopped half a hundred. This was regarded as a favorable sign. Mr. Haygarth fell eventually to Jackson for three times five. Mr. Drake, the "slow," and Lockyer (now in together) promised a handsome lift, but by one of those mistakes to which the best cricketers are liable, viz., hitting at air instead of the ball, the bails were distributed before he was aware of it. "Every two is a couple," yet two-and-twenty were required to give a rosy appearance to the score. Wisden now faced the trimming bowler, made a hit for one, and retired. H. Stephenson and Mr. Drake were on terms much longer than the two celebrities preceding. This free hitter displayed a great aptitude for run getting. Mr. Payne knew his man, and, tempting him with a ball difficult to play, he succeded in getting at the wicket, when four only had resulted. Mr. Drake's tenancy having expired through the resistless ejection of the fast Nottingham bowler, the 19 obtained by him, added to the smaller donations, brought up the ninth wicket to 80 odd runs. Cæsar, though not calculated on for much, kept his wicket up bravely, but Dean's fire soon went out; the ball mounted and took its flight through the slips, when it was quickly arrested by E Stephenson, and with this mischance the first inning of the South closed with a gross score of 96.

For the North, Diver and E. Stephenson first confronted Caffyn and H. Stephenson; the former kept up his wicket nearly an hour for eight; Stephenson in a fourth of the time authorized the scribes to write down seven. Both fell to Caffyn. The next representative of the North was Wadsworth, who made his first bow to a Marylebone assembly. The abilities of this player have been much talked about in the North; nothing, however, occurred during the match either to startle or surprise: he stood longstop in the first innings of the South, but not in the second. In his first and only innings he made a fine hit for four, and after having added two runs more Stephenson took his bails clean off. Up to this period the game was dull. Parr and Mr. Daft were next in together, and cricket in its most brilliant form was exhibited. Mr. Daft's peculiarly polished style, together with his elegant wrist playing, was a study for the limner. This gentleman, it is affirmed, is not to be bowled out, because in a match he never has been; be this as it may, Mr. Daft is a highly finished player, place him where you will. Parr got runs so fast and in such sizes that both wind and limb failed; he was therefore allowed a substitute in Grundy. To go through the particulars of his three hours' innings would be more tedious than interesting; out of his long score of 57 there were three fives and seven fours. But there was a rival in the person of Tinley, who scored 53 in a most masterly manner. These heavy contributions worked up the Northern score rapidly, for at the fall of the second wicket 16 only were gained; while the third gave 54, the fourth 87, the fifth 124, and the sixth (which was Tinley's) 137. Grundy played well, but was tempted with a "slow" from Mr. Drake, and caught easily by Dean. The seventh wicket denoted 154. Mr. Payne, well in, was joined by Bell. The slow bowling—in this match very prolific of runs—was discontinued, and Wisden went on again (for all the South bowlers had had a try). Mr. Payne made a drive right out for six; the feat was rewarded with plaudits enthusiastic as well as deserved. This gentleman's wicket was subsequently prostrated by a well-directed ball from Stephenson. Eight men out for 187. Davis and Bell were now partners; the latter was not valued at his proper figure, for he got his runs well. Mr. Haygarth caught a sharp ball from him at the leg, and stopped his career at the number eight. It was nearly seven o'clock when Jackson, the last man, went in. People lingered to see one over and the innings finished, but they were doomed to disappointment Jackson was not to be got rid of for wishing; and at the call of time the last wicket stood firmly as the first, with 193 runs to be transmitted to posterity. On Tuesday the first innings closed for 215.

"It's of no use," "Tis all up," "A hundred to one," &c., were the general exclamations against the position of the South. Mr. Lane and Cæsar, however, "hoping against hope," went 'in. Mr. Lane's batting was the theme for enthusiastic eulogy and boisterous approbation; he saw five of his companions make their exits and their entrances. Cæsar's courage dropped at the number one. Caffyn did not survive beyond two. Lillywhite's humility ran parallel with Ceasar's courage, and Mr. Haygarth, not disdaining a humble pattern, made one of four to get five runs. Mr. Drake came to the rescue with 12 from his own bat, and Mr. Nicholson elevated the score with a well-earned 15. The fifth wicket denoted 114. Lockyer joined Mr. Lane, and the business of the field increased. With these illustrations of the batting art the flagging interest in the match revived, but in the midst of a newly-born hope and a young expectancy Grundy put down a ball to the hero of the day, which bounded from the bat within the fielding of Mr. Payne, and Mr. Lane retired with the noble number 69. The sixth wicket declared 130. Wisden added 11, and was compelled to retire from the same cause as his predecessor. Stephenson proved of invaluable assistance; without his runs (34) there would have been next to nothing for the North to go in against; Dean, the last man in, gave his opponents more trouble than they had calculated on. A change of bowling became necessary to dislodge him or Stephenson; first Tinley tried the underhand slow, but "Jemmy kept poking it about," while his companion lashed it without mercy, so that Jackson and Grundy were compelled to resume their task. The two last men kept together for more than an hour, and contributed jointly one more than 50. On summing up, the second gross score of the South was signalized by the figures 208.

The doubts and fears expressed that there would not be sufficient time to play the match out on Tuesday dwindled away when Jackson and Mr. Daft kept the score moving. The North had 90 to get to win. Three batsmen got 85 out of the number. Diver went in, and was tickled by a slow from Mr. Drake for one run; Stephenson was bowled in the first over for nothing, when Parr, anxious to save as many wickets as possible, made an unintentional appearance. He received an over from Wisden without getting a run; presently a ball played from Stephenson resulted in two runs. Wisden tried again, and Lockyer caught the celebrated batsman. One run was wanted, and Grundy was deputed to get it. This, however, required four overs before it was accomplished; a bye at length achieved what the bat could not, and at a quarter-past seven the long-existing annual tourney between two elevens thus designated was brought to a conclusion with the particular results shown herewith:

SOUTH.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Lane run out	5	c Payne b Grundy	60
Nicholson c and b Payne	13	b Grundy	15
Haygarth b Jackson	15	c Tinley b Payne	1
Caffyn c Payne b Jackson	5	b Payne	2
Lillywhite c and b Payne	9	b Jackson	1
Drake b Jackson	19	b Jackson	12
Lockyer b Jackson	2	b Jackson	22
Wisden b Jackson	1	c Payne b Grundy	11
H Stephenson b Payne	4	not out	34
Cæsar not out	7	b Jackson	1
Dean c Stephenson b Jackson	0	b Jackson	17
Byes 12, leg b 2, w 2	16	byes 8, leg b 4, w 11	23
Total	96	Total	208

NORTH.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Diver b Caffyn	8	b Drake	1
E Stephenson b Caffyn	7	b Stephenson	0
Wadsworth b Stephenson	6		
Parr c Haygarth b Wisden	57	c Lockyer b Wisden	2
Daft run out	9	not out	29
Tinley c and b Caffyn	53	c Lockyer b Stephenson	23
Grundy c Dean b Drake	5	not out	0
Payne b Stephenson	27		
Bell c Haygarth b Caffyn	8		
Davies c Cæsar b Wisden	19	c Lane b Stephenson	0
Jackson not out	9	c Lockyer b Drake	34
Byes 8, leg b 3, w 1	7	Byes 1, leg b 1	2
Total	215	Total	90

SPORT AND THINGS IN SCHUYLKILL HAVEN.

SCHUYLKILL HAVEN, Pa., August 5, 1858.

FRANK QUEEN OF THE CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* Behold in me your humble correspondent, "Wabash," of Lafayette, Ind., who has changed his "local habitation," and is about to change his name. As this "one horse" town has never had the benefit of a notice in any paper outside of the county, from the fact that it is considered the "caudal appendage" of this Universal Yankee Nation, I shall assume the task of inditing you a chapter of its sports, its people, and its whereabouts.

To commence with its whereabouts, I must, in order to make this letter interesting, be somewhat *romantic.* Schuylkill Haven is bounded on the North by the County Alms House; Schuylkill Haven is bounded South by the Schuylkill River and Ed. Boyer's tavern; Schuylkill Haven is bounded East by Henry Taylor's boat yard, and Schuylkill Haven is bounded West by the Cricket Grounds and Potatoville. Its principal productions are "fighting men," "big pigs" and little children; the greater portion of the latter population are boys and girls—the neuter gender, to my knowledge, has but few representatives. The occupation of most of Schuylkill Haven's male inhabitants is gone. The occupation of the female *pauperlation* it is not for me to tell, since I don't know anything about them, more than that some of them possess a little beauty.

In the way of sports, there is an organized cricket club here, under the instruction of Jonas Fox, Con Quinn's friend. Not being a member thereof I am unable to inform you of aught concerning their progress, etc. The games of Chess, Backgammon, Draughts, etc., have many admirers and *indulgers*, and some very *talented* "performers on the board" reside here. Quoits is a favorite pastime among the "fancy" and church-goers—in this game commingle the Methodist, the Lutheran, and the German Reformed, and these combined form the "United Brethren." As we are now inditing the sports, we must be faithful to our subject, and although we may be denounced as a sacrilegious scallawag, we must nevertheless give that due to that "greatest of the great" sports, yclept camp meetings, which they so richly deserve. "If there is anything we *do* like," it is a camp meeting. Sparring is a much talked of, and much practised amusement among the boys here. Upon every possible occasion, the "mits are donned," and a set-to, on as near scientific principles as they know how, is the consequence. Sunday is the great day for the "pugs" of Schuylkill Haven to show off their science in the great art of self-defence, and Boyer's corner—as fine a place for such a purpose as ever was seen—is the place where they form their rings and "shy their castors." The principals and the bottle-holders, are "observed of all observers," on such occasions.

On last Friday night the citizens of this place were treated to a "Grand Theatrical Entertainment," by a number of amateurs, led by Simon Stine Bassler, Esq., D D., M.D, P. B. Hamlet was *did* by Simon, and the Ghost by Sylvester Saylor, who did "a tale unfold" that made Simon look seven ways for Sunday, and his uncombed hair on end to stand, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," and his porcine eyes to burn as if they had been washed with turpentine. The young lady's name, who acted as Queen, we have forgotten: but when the gallant Simon (Hamlet) addressed the Queen thus:

> "Here is your husband; like a mildewed ear,
> Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
> Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
> And fatten on this moor?"

We noticed the Queen change color, and we ourself felt as if the "soft impeachment" should be immediately repelled by a slap on the mouth of the audacious Simon. Koon's Hall, on the evening in question, presented an animated and joyous appearance, and the ladies, who were robed in all the elegance of summer attire, contrasted pleasingly with the gentlemen in every day costumes, and "caved-in hats," *a la* Mose.

Before I close I must tell you about the Schuylkill Haven "Calithumpian Charivari Serenaders," who were out in full numbers a few nights since, to serenade one who has been caught in the "matrimonial noose," or rather, one who was *lass-oh'd*. The serenade of which we write, was one of the old-fashioned kind, of which Ovid makes mention in mythological records. That ancient gentleman asserts that the first such serenade occurred on Mount Olympus, at the marriage of Mulciber Vulcan, Esq., with the beautiful, fascinating, bewitching and accomplished Miss Cytherea Venus. This wedding was one of the early so-called mesalliances, for there we see the most beautiful of women wedded to a most ugly, old, deformed, dusty blacksmith. We wish to be understood that we have no "reference to allusions," as the renowned Capt. Stafford, of Lafayette *Gazette* notoriety, would say. When all the celestials perceived this, they gave the "happy pair" one of the strangest serenades ever heard, which made old Jupiter exclaim—"Has chaos come again!" Chaos, according to a writer on Cosmogany, is a mixture of saucepans, sea weeds, allspice and obelisks, tomahawks, cataracts and horsehair, gunpowder, lobster sauce, stalactites and boot-jacks, fire drakes, whirlegigs, squibs and oyster patties, ginger cakes, slap-jacks and mosby, soap, tobacco and molasses, maggots, lager bier and sweitzer kase, vinegar, honey and double-distilled thunder, with tom cats jostling, mewing, spurting, bellowing and catterwauling—imagine these, and you have a faint idea of what chaos may have been, and consequently some notion of what "*music*" a calithumpian band of charivari serenaders may make. The first tune struck up by the Schuylkil Haven band, on the "horse-fiddle," was "Pop goes the Weasel;" the tin pans, and kettles, and cow bells, striking up the tune of "Nipping up a Napping and Napping up a Nipping," etc. But few *airs* were played outside of the "happy couple's" house, the bridegroom doing the handsome by handing out a "dollar or two." Yours, &c., SCHUYLKILL.

THE TURF.

GREAT FIFTY MILE TROT—THE RESULT.—The trot came off on Saturday according to agreement. It created much excitement among the sporting fraternity. Below we give the time. The horses started from Lebanon Springs 12 minutes past 8, and arrived at Greenbush at 10 minutes to 01-distance 26 miles-the bay horse being ahead 1 minute. On returning, the bay horse broke down when opposite Ephe Bradbury's, some two miles from the village, when the grey horse passed him, and completed the fifty-two miles in the extraordinary time of three hours and forty minutes. This time, considering the bad condition of the road, has never been excelled. As there were some some thousands of dollars pending on time, the horses were driven at the top of their speed. Tom Creighan drove the "grey" and Geo. Edwards the "bay." The report that the "grey horse" died after completing the race, is untrue.

The first 18 miles of the race were done in one hour, which is better than the 20 miles done in the same time by "Trustee," as the latter did the distance on a first class track, while the 18 miles on Saturday were made over a road made up of hills, hollows and mud holes. The trot was for $500 a side. The winning horse is an old stager, valued at $40. In the way of bottom he has shown himself equal to any piece of horse flesh ever seen in the State. The bay horse, at Greenbush, was taken from his wagon and placed under the saddle. As we have already stated, he broke down at Bradbury's Hotel and still remains there. The winning horse did not stop at Greenbush at all—Creighan turning him about, and instantly started on the back track. That this sort of driving did not kill the winning horse, is one of the most astonishing things we ever heard of. The winner performed the whole distance before a wagon.—*Albany Knickerbocker, Aug. 2.*

THE TURF IN CALIFORNIA.

NEW YORK AND PRINCESS.—The second contest between New York and Princess came off on Friday, June 25th, over the Pioneer course, it being a match for $2,000, half forfeit, two-mile heats, in harness. During the week rumors flew fast and thick that New York would pay forfeit, but no such transaction ensued, and the old hero added another leaf to his laurels. Notwithstanding a high and disagreeable wind, quite a fair number were in attendance, and, although but little activity was manifested in the betting circles, the tenor ran $100 to $50 in favor of the mare. The latter was driven by A. J. Daniels, and N. York by George Ferguson, and never, in our experience, have we seen Mr. F. drive more admirably. The result of the first contest, in which New York was defeated, led many of his backers, as is usual, to throw the blame on the driver, but Mr. Ferguson's character for ability, honesty and fairness stands too high to be influenced thereby. His tooling yesterday was artistic and honorable, reflecting credit on his effort. The horses got off at the word on the first essayal of a start, New York taking the lead, and Princess evincing considerable lameness in her hind feet. On they went, New York trotting his prettiest pace, and no time did the mare catch up to his wheels. Ferguson gradually opened quite a gap, and won the heat and race in 5:14½, passing the score as Princess was swinging into the home stretch, distancing her.

A greater exhibition of dissatisfaction at the result of a trot has never been manifested among sporting circles, and many are loud in their comments on the owner of Princess, in permitting her to enter the contest in a disabled condition. We are in receipt of several communications from different parties, the major portion of which contend that her owner should have paid forfeit sooner than permit her to trot when in no condition to make over 3:10.

RECAPITULATION.

PIONEER COURSE, Friday, June 25.—Match for $2,000, half forfeit, two-mile heats, in harness.

G. N. Ferguson names b. g. New York..... 1
A. J. Daniels " b. m Princess..... dis.
Time, 5:14½

Mr. Daniels has since sold Princess to Mr. Teakle for a long price.

OXFORD PARK COURSE, PHILADELPHIA—TROTTING.

MONDAY, July 28.—Match for $100, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

P. G.'s bl m Fanny Manuel..... 2 1 2 1 1
T. W.'s gr m Kate Strantr..... 1 2 1 2 2
Time, 3:38½; 3:41½; 3:17; 3:20; 3:18.

POINT BREEZE PARK COURSE, PHILADELPHIA—TROTTING.

THURSDAY, July 29.—Purse $50, mile heats, best 3 in 5, to go as they please.

J Headley's br g Brother Jonathan (under saddle).. 1 2 1 1
W. King's gr g Grey Albert (in harness)..... 2 1 2 2
Time, 2:49; 2:43½; 2:41½; 2:46¼.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1858.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CREMNE.—"Will you please give your opinion on the following: I made a bet with a friend on the Canada Match at Hoboken, he selecting three men and I three, and bet that the three I named would make more runs than his three. When play commenced, it was found that one of the men chosen by him did not play, but the other two made more than my three (Sharp and Senior vs. Bingham, Wilby, and Harry Wright), and he thereupon claims the bet, which I contend he has no right to do, as in the event of his two men not having beat my three, he says the bet would have been off, and in case that it had turned out so, he would not have paid the bet. Now, I don't see why he should have the privilege of saying whether the bet should stand or not, as it gives him a manifest advantage. In the one case he is bound to win, and in the other he cannot lose. I maintain that if one man of either side does not play, the bet is off, although no agreement to that effect was made."..... Your friend is wrong; the bet is a draw.

PENNSYLVANIA—*Cricket.*—1. Hallis is the swiftest bowler. 2 The best American bowler we have seen, is French, of Utica. 3. There are no leg guards of American manufacture that we are aware of. 4. It is hardly probable that the match you refer to will be played. 5. Try a course of lessons at the gymnasium. 6. We have no record of Ambassador having won a stake of $28,000 in Alabama, in 1854. In 1853, at three years old, Ambassador won a stake of $17,000, the time being (three mile heats) 5:56; 5:54½.

JEM WARD, Cheltenham, Pa.—*All Fours.*—"A. B. C. and D. are playing a game, single handed; A deals and turns up clubs for trumps; B having the beg, stands; the game at this point is as follows: A, 2; B, 0; C, 6; D, 6. B leads his ace of trumps; C puts on his deuce, and claims out, having played low; D puts on the tray, and also claims out, from having played a higher card than C. Now, who goes out first, C or D?".....C goes out, having played low; D counts nothing for his tray, the ace being the highest card out.

A. B., St. Louis, Mo.—1. Mr. King accepted the challenge of Mr. Shannon, but no match has yet been arranged between the parties. The correspondence has been published in the CLIPPER. See Mr. Shannon's letter in this issue. 2. The parties to the coming fight for the

A. H. T.—We can find no such advertisement as th at you refer to.

T.—See description of Morrissey's training, under ring department.

BOB, Philad'a.—We have to pay nothing for delivery.

ARTEMAS.—Thanks. Will be pleased to hear from you at all times.

CLAUDE.—See our theatrical record.

THE CABLE.—We are jubilant over the successful working of the Atlantic telegraph cable; all New York seems to be going crazy as we write this (Tuesday noon); cannons are being fired, bells are ringing, the people are "fraternising" in copious draughts of lager bier and 'af-and-af, and there is a good time generally. As matter for future reference, and to record the most remarkable event of the age, we append the message of the Queen and President, on the successful operation of the ocean telegraph:

To the President of the United States, Washington:

The Queen desires to congratulate the President upon the successful completion of this great international work, in which the Queen has taken the deepest interest. The Queen is convinced the President will join with her in fervently hoping that the electric cable which now connects Great Britain with the United States, will prove an additional link between the nations, whose friendship is founded upon their common interest and reciprocal esteem. The Queen has much pleasure in thus communicating with the President, and renewing to him her wishes for the prosperity of the United States.

WASHINGTON CITY, August 16, 1858.

To Her Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain:

The President cordially reciprocates the congratulations of her Majesty, the Queen, on the success of the great international enterprise accomplished by the science, skill and indomitable energy of the two countries. It is a triumph more glorious, because far more useful to mankind, than was ever won by conqueror on the field of battle. May the Atlantic Telegraph, under the blessing of Heaven, prove to be a bond of perpetual peace and friendship between the kindred nations, and an instrument destined by Divine Providence to diffuse religion, civilization, liberty and law throughout the world.

ercise, and accompanied by one of his trainers, Dan Burns. We, however, found Mr. Shepherd, his principal trainer, at home, as in consequence of an accident he met with some ten days ago, in being thrown out of a wagon, and rather severely bruised, he is not yet able to accompany Morrissey on his walking excursions. His experience and judgement is, however, always in requisition in superintending his various exercises indoors, and directing the length and amount of work to be done. We are indebted to him for the various interesting particulars and details of his training, which we now publish, though of course we omit many important facts which, being communicated in confidence, we do not feel warranted in making public.

It being now half-past eleven, the usual time of Mr. Morrissey returning from his morning's walk of nine or ten miles, we accompanied Shepherd on the road to meet him. After proceeding a short distance, we met Dan Burns returning, and shortly after Morrissey himself, well wrapped up in warm clothing, passed us in a run, he usually finishing his long morning's walk, (if we may be allowed to use the Hibernicism) with a half-mile "run in." After being well rubbed down, he jumps into bed between the blankets, and remains there about quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, to facilitate the increased secretion of perspiration arising from his prolonged walking exercise. After again been well rubbed down, he changes his clothes, and commence "fighting the bag." In this exercise he uses a pair of dumb bells, and finishes off with his "bunch of fives," the hands been protected by a pair of leather gloves. He then takes a twenty minutes turn in practising with a new and ingenious apparatus for raising heavy weights, and which is so constructed and arranged as to call into exercise and develop the muscles of the arms and shoulders as well as of the chest, and bring them into every possible form of play. He then

every limb and every muscle giving promise of being splendidly developed, and should everything progress favorably, there is no doubt but that he will enter the ring in as perfect a condition as it is possible to be. As to the result of the fight, we cannot and will not offer an opinion; our province is merely to report fairly and impartially the progress of the affair, and the respective conditions of the men, from time to time, "nothing extenuating, or setting down aught in malice." We only desire to see the best man win in this important contest, and have no personal interest in the success of either, beyond that expressed in the above wish.

The weight of Morrissey, when he commenced his training preparation, was 205 lbs, and is now reduced to 197 lbs. It is premative to hazard a conjecture as to his proper fighting weight, but should suppose that somewhere about 185 lbs. or 187 lbs, he will be found most "fit" for the great contest. It will answer a large number of correspondents who have made enquiries of us, to state that John Morrissey was born at Templeton, in the County of Tipperary, Ireland, on the 5th of February, 1831, and is consequently in his 28th year. His height is exactly 6 feet.

We feel bound to acknowledge the courtesy which we experienced from Mr. Morrison, of the Abbey Hotel, Lansingburgh, on this occasion, as well the kindness which we received from Mr. Edward Murphy of Troy, on a previous visit, and have pleasure in thus recording our acknowledgements of the obligations we labor under towards them.

THE CHAMPION'S BELT.—Some time ago, a correspondent, who furnished us with his name, impressed upon us the policy of establishing a subscription fund to purchase a handsome Champion's belt, not transferable, to be presented to the winner in the forthcoming battle for the